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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918

The Social Evolution of Religion

By GEORGE WILLIS COOKE

Foreword by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

THIS volume presents a sociological interpretation of the origin and history of religion. It emphasizes the human elements in religion, that it develops with culture and civilization, keeps pace with social and political changes, and is to be judged according to the degree in which it produces a better human world. It accepts "the sympathy of religions," that religion is one with many types, and interprets the conclusions of the new science of comparative religion. This book, in fact, brings to religion a unique, perhaps a startling, exposition of it in the whole range of its evolution from primitive to modern society. It may mark a new era in the interpretation of this phase of human history.

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CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—

Notes 403
Man or the State?—FRANCIS NEILSON.....405

CONTRIBUTED—

Intellectual Cowardice and the Denominational College—(*Concluded*) 409
The Invisible World.—REV. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.411
Success.—EDWARD A. LEWIS.....412
News from Europe.—H. S. N.....414

THE STUDY TABLE—

Book Notices.—FREDERICK STARR.....412

POETRY—

Redemption.—*Thomas Curtis Clark*.....403
The Man He Killed.—*Thomas Hardy*.....405
Morning Glories.—*Mary Badollet Powell*.....413
In a Dining Car.—*Ruthele Novak*.....415

THE FIELD—

A Letter from Korea.....415
What a Boys' Bird Club Can Do.....415

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EDITORS
JOHN HAYNES HOLMES
FRANCIS NEILSON

ASSISTANT EDITOR
EDITH LLOYD JONES

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Harry Foster Burns
Charles W. Casson
George Willis Cooke
Percy M. Dawson
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

Vol. LXXXIV THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 26, 1920 Number 26

REDEMPTION.

Loving man, I have wearied of the ways of men:
They have shut themselves up within strong walls of self,
The rich from the poor, the poor from the rich.
They have given themselves over to the pursuit of gold,
The rich and the poor.
They have lost their desire for high things;
Knowledge and wisdom and human sympathy
Have lost their ministrants. Greed and lust and pride
Have set up altars in the market-places and the homes,
And gossiping crowds throng them.

Blow, O fresh winds of God, blow through our prairie lands,
Dotted with towns and villages;
Sweep, mighty tempests, through our wide city deserts;
Let the blasts from the river-cleansed Rockies
Sweep eastward to our white halls of state,
Where giant Greed has builded her shrine,
Where laws are made for a few.
Flaming fires of war, smouldering fires of peace,
Burn, burn, from the heart of our life
The decay of death. Let there come forth
From the furnace of flames
A nation, God-loving, God-inspired, God-led,
Purified, transformed—a redeemed people.

Thomas Curtis Clark.

Unity has from the beginning taken the position that the treaty of peace is a pact of dishonor and tragedy. It is a betrayal of the ideals in the spirit of which the war was presumably fought, a repudiation of our solemn promises to Germany, and a deliberate dooming of Europe to disaster and even possible extinction. Every hour that has passed since the signing of the Treaty, has brought confirmation of this judgment. Every witness who speaks bears testimony to its validity. At the moment, occupying all of our minds is the great book, "The Economic Consequences of the Peace," written by John Maynard Keynes, Representative of the British Treasury at the Conference. He describes the Treaty as "a Carthaginian Peace," and its present results as "the fearful convulsions of a dying civilization." Mr. Asquith, most sober and high-minded of British statesmen, is speaking his solemn word of condemnation. The terms imposed upon Germany, he says, are "not statesmanship, not common-sense, and, worst of all, not that clean peace which meant a peace that would end war, that all of us were clamoring for eighteen months ago." Lloyd George, himself one of the "big three" directly responsible for the work at Paris, sustains the charges of his bitterest critics, in his pitiful confession to the House of Commons that Europe is standing on the very brink of ruin. What America now does with the Treaty is of little practical concern. The evil which has been done, cannot be undone. If Europe is to be saved, it must be forces very different from those anywhere in the ascendant today in the Allied countries.

Little by little the truth about Soviet Russia is coming out. George Landsbury, of the London *Herald,* a man of incorruptible veracity, is the latest witness to stand up and tell what he has seen. It is interesting to compare his testimony with the lies so busily disseminated during the past year, and still believed by the majority even of intelligent people. Thus, we have been told that Russia is a place of hideous disorder, with atrocities the order of the day. Says Landsbury, "There is nothing worse here than in other capitals, and there is very much that is better. I am safer and freer alone in the Moscow streets than in London." Again, we have been told that religion has been outlawed, and the churches defiled. Says Landsbury, "The churches are all open, * * * and are being restored at the public expense. True religion has not been interfered with." Then, there is that eternal and obscene fable of the nationalization of women. To which Landsbury makes the categorical retort, "Marriage is as sacred as ever." In nothing does Unity take greater satisfaction than its steadfast refusal to be deceived about the Bolsheviki regime in Russia. We have had faith from the beginning in the Russian proletariat, first because we have never trusted the sources from which so-called "news" has come; and secondly, because we have always trusted the Russian people, as we trust all people. It is an essential article of our faith that the multitudes can be trusted to work out their own destinies to the end of the highest ideals of the soul. All we need is to free men from the shackles which bind them, to have our dreams come true.

Experience through several presidential campaigns has taught us that there is perhaps nothing too extravagant to say on behalf of a candidate for the presidency. Even so, however, we confess to being in a fainting condition after reading a recent circular issued by Chandler Brothers and Company, 34 Pine Street, New York, in advocacy of the nomination of Gen. Leonard Wood. "Wood is a representative of a liberal Republican party," says this circular. "He has drawn his republican convictions from those men who have always stood for not only Liberty, but for its extension. Were they living, Garrison, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker, Charles Sumner * * * would all acclaim him as a fit candidate for the office of President of the United States." The thought of Wood the soldier, the apologist of war, the champion of universal military training, being supported by the non-resistant Garri-

son, is sufficiently staggering. But what shall we say of the suggestion that Wood the hunter of I. W. W.s and Bolsheviki, the ruthless suppressor of the "Reds," would have the blessing of Wendell Phillips, who said in 1860, "Governments exist to protect the rights of minorities. The loved and the rich need no protection —they have many friends and few enemies. * * * The community which dares not protect its humblest and most hated member in the free utterance of his opinions, no matter how false or hateful, is only a gang of slaves." Of course, what the writer of this circular has done is to snatch up a few honored names, and use them in support of his candidate, without the slightest knowledge of the principles and ideals for which they stood in their own time. Had he possessed even a modicum of knowledge, he would have realized that these abolitionists were the last men in the world to name in connection with Leonard Wood, not only for their sake, but for his as well. For, from the viewpoint of all that the General stands for today, Garrison, Phillips and the like were just what the editor of the New York *Times* called them the other day, "disunionists, disorganizers and disrupters of the State." (See UNITY, January 29th, page 340.) But the thing to do in a campaign is to claim everything in sight, regardless of history! Thus, Wood is not only a spiritual brother of the abolitionists, but the chosen heir of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt. "Who can say," declare Chandler Brothers, "that the immortal spirits of Washington and Lincoln and Roosevelt are not observant of the future destiny of their country, and in some mysterious way of which we know not, are aiding this wise and just man."

The crimes of tyranny, now a commonplace in the government and public opinion of the United States, give dreadful point to a statement written down in "The Judgment of Peace," the new book just published by Andreas Latzko, famous as the author of "Men in War" speaking through the lips of one of his characters, Weiler, he exclaims of the outcome of the European War:

> God help us if we win! And I fear that we shall! God help the victors, whoever they be! For their rage and cruelty in war will be as nothing to the rage and cruelty and monstrous tyranny with which they will turn upon their own people. The victorious army—whichever it is—is forging the chains that will bite into its own flesh when the victory is won. For the victor will believe that their victory has justified their deeds and will drag their people at their chariot wheels.

The visit of Sir Oliver Lodge to this country is everywhere being attended by impressive demonstrations of public interest in the message of spiritism which he has to convey. So far as can be judged from current reports, he has nothing new to add to the voluminous facts and theories and arguments which he has published in his many books in recent years. He is telling the same tale that he has already told in "Life and Matter," "Continuity," and "Raymond." But his lectures are being given not once but several times in each of our large cities, and they are all being heard by thousands of attentive listeners. It is evident that the amazing revival of spiritism, which followed in Europe upon the monstrous hecatombs of the Great War, has now spread to this country. More than ever before are people insistent to know if the dead live, and if communication may be had with them in the world beyond. For ourselves, we must confess that we have little interest in this particular phase of immortality known as spirit communication. We believe absolutely that the soul of man is immortal; but we also believe that communication between the dead and the living would be an unmitigated misfortune, and that no measure of convincing evidence of such communication has ever been produced. Nevertheless, we are not of those who regard Sir Oliver Lodge and his activities with indifference or scorn. This problem of spiritism is one to which the public mind will have an answer. Investigation of phenomena in this field will go on whether the orthodox savants like it or not. Such being the case, we count it a good thing that a scientist of Lodge's undisputed distinction is at work in this field. We cannot at this moment accept his conclusions, but we welcome the application of his knowledge and methods to the problem.

Foreign visitors are flocking to our shores this season in abundance. Of them all, several are more conspicuous, but none more welcome, than Siegfried Sassoon, the English poet. Here is one of the noblest and truest spirits revealed by the Great War. A young man of extreme sensitiveness and delicacy, a lover of all things beautiful, he answered the call to arms when England joined battle against Germany, and endured without complaint, and with unflinching courage, the hazards, miseries and horrors of the trenches. And out of his experiences, he spoke to men of the reality of war. In unforgettable verse, he stripped the tawdry garment of glory from this monstrous thing, and showed the grinning skull and yawning bones beneath. In searching phrase, he pierced to the center of men's hearts and taught them of the deception which they were practicing upon themselves in believing that out of war can come forth any good. This wooer of beauty, this winsome singer of love and light, became suddenly transformed into a prophet, who spake unto his people as did Isaiah in an earlier time. Many great books were published during the War, but it is doubtful if any volume in the English tongue will be longer or more gratefully remembered than Sassoon's "Counter-Attack." It contains no single poem so uniquely beautiful and true as Masefield's "August, 1914"; but as a collection it is unrivalled. Only Gib-

son's "Battle and Other Poems" can bear comparison with it. We give glad greeting to this poet-prophet. May his message travel far through a country which sadly needs his words of solemn truth!

The announcement of Wagner's "Parsifal" at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York, is a happy event. It shows that the senseless boycott against German music is at last lifted all along the line. It is true, to be sure, that "Parsifal" has a universal rather than a Teutonic theme; and that its words, if not its music, are to be sung in English. But by some strange and as yet unaccountable chance, Richard Wagner, the ultra-republican, exile from his native land through many years because of his hatred for Prussianism, was made the test of 100 per cent Americanism in the concert halls and opera houses of this country, and the performance under any conditions of any one of his works, therefore, marks the end of the long warfare against art. At this same time comes similar good news from Italy, the only European country, we believe, in which music was outraged as it was in America. Here we are told that no less an opera than "Die Walküre" has been sung, exactly as before the War, and with no signs of popular disapproval. A few years more, and we shall have all the great Wagnerian operas with us once again. They are universal masterpieces, like the poems of Goethe, the statues of Michael Angelo, the canvasses of Velasquez. To banish them from human memory is as impossible as to blot out the sun, or to still the winds. Music is perhaps of all the arts the most universal. It must ever remain one of the ironies of fate that this one of all the arts was made to suffer from the prejudices and the hates of war.

Man Or the State?

The committees of the two great political parties of this country are busily preparing for their campaigns, and the business of selecting the leaders is engrossing the attention of the different caucuses in our forty-eight states. The man in the street has little or no chance of looking on while these preliminaries are being worked out, therefore, he has recourse to the columns of the newspapers which do not seem to be any better informed than he is; yet, editors and the party managers seem, in a rather vague way, to be conscious of the presence of the man in the street, even at this stage of the proceedings, for, if the laws hold good so long, they know he is to be reckoned with when they have selected their champions and submitted them to the electors. One must wonder, however, whether the man in the street has any real interest in the proceedings, and this is a matter which is agitating the minds of many of those professional politicians who are elaborating their ponderous schemes, *in camera*. An editorial in a recent New York paper remarked that there seemed to be far less public interest in the political future than at any time during this generation. It suggested several reasons for this, but it omitted to venture the reason we have in mind for the public's lack of interest in presidential preparedness. We think the reason is not the labor situation, the high cost of living, the apathy which follows war, but a much simpler one, and that is: the public have lost interest in politicians. It would indeed be strange if this were not so, and we might by inference very easily arrive at this conclusion by giving a moment's consideration to the political conditions which prevail in France, Great Britain, and Italy. What do we find in those countries? In Great Britain the two old historic parties are in a state of desuetude. In France at the recent election apathy and indifference—largely attributable to the spread of syndicalism—on the part of the masses in the towns enabled the Tory Chauvinists to maintain Clemenceau in office. In Italy the great towns returned socialists with tremendous majorities; in the new House they will have over 150 representatives. Whether these facts are of any importance in enabling us to fathom the mind of the man in the street is problematical, for we have a way in this country of regarding European experiences as unworthy our consideration. That is a pity, for we believe that the mind of the man in our street differs on this question very little from that of the man in the European street. And is there not good reason why the intelligent portion of the working class electorate should appear somewhat indifferent to the preparations of the two great parties? Have they given satisfaction in the past? Has the party in power been able to pour in to the dinner pail of the working man all the good things that were promised after German militarism was overthrown and democracy made secure? We leave it for the man in the street to say. For our part, we shall be patient and await the publication of the parties' programs, which are sure to be packed full of the most delectable promise party politicians know how to serve to the electors.

Still, we are gravely concerned about the mind of the man in the street for there is little or no opportunity now of learning from him what are the nature and quality of his thought. There he is prosecuting his business as an industrialist, sometimes striking for what he calls higher wages and shorter hours, but never giving us the slightest inkling as to his political reaction. He might think he is a socialist, and must keep his mouth shut about his socialism, if he is to enjoy as quiet an existence as the authorities are willing to permit. He might have been a democrat, and at the last election voted because "he kept us out of war," and now hold opinions of the party which got his vote that, if he dare express them, would certainly shock the authorities. Perhaps he has in the past been loyal to the Republican cause, and having trusted that party turns

now in sorrow to the Savonarolas of the Independent Labor Party for political succor and relief. Yes, it is very difficult to say what he is thinking. There may be a great many people who fancy it is just as well he gets as little chance as possible of making himself heard. Now, whether his silence be voluntary or compulsory, we venture to state that he is a more serious political factor to deal with today than ever in his past. He is practically silenced, but he is thinking all the same, thinking gravely, seriously, of his economic, industrial and social future. One question he must surely carry with him from morning till night, and that is, what is to be his relationship to the State? Is he to be a citizen of a free democracy, or is he to submit to a process in which the State shall absorb the man? He may be saying to himself: "Am I to be a man that can stand with my head in the air as Mr. Schwab can, and say with pride, 'I am an American citizen?'" In all probability it was Mr. Schwab himself who set him thinking of these important factors of his existence. Anyway, he is most assuredly turning over in his mind the question of his true relationship to the State.

We have before us a little book, edited by Mr. Waldo R. Browne, "Man or the State," a group of essays by famous writers, published by B. W. Huebsch. Surely no work was ever quite so timely as this. It will be exceedingly useful for educative purposes, and every candidate in the land, no matter which party has his allegiance, should go to the fray armed with this informing book. It is a little library of essential political information, an encyclopedia, indeed, for the man who would presume to legislate or administer laws. It contains essays from seven of the most brilliant philosophers of the nineteenth century, and they are all about the relation of the man in the street to the State. In a brilliant introductory chapter from the pen of the editor we have a clear statement of what the work contains:

> "A certain congruity of selection and arrangement will, I hope, be apparent in the contents of this volume. Kropotkin's essay deals with the origin and historic evolution of the State. The chapter from Buckle, one of the greatest of philosophic historians, records the State's notable failure as a legislative agent. The three following papers constitute the challenge of the higher Individualism, as embodied in Emerson's serene and optimistic generalities, looking toward a society perfected from within; in Thoreau's keen eloquence, asserting the supremacy of personal Conscience over all other authority; in Herbert Spencer's clear-cut logic arguing the right of freedom from external control as an inevitable corollary to his 'first principle' of social ethics—that 'Every man has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other man.' In the next essay Tolstoy pleads the case for Christian anarchism, or social salvation through individual self-perfection combined with passive resistance to the State. Finally, we have Oscar Wilde's glowing and trenchant statement of the manner of life that would be possible in a really free society."

The reader will gather from this that the book will be of excellent service to all those people who are striving to understand the changes that have taken place in the constitution of this democracy, and what power rests in the electorate for restoring the principles which have been abrogated, and the customs which have gone awry since we undertook the Herculean business of making the world safe from democracy. In the essay by Prince Kropotkin we are reminded of the fate of ancient empires, and, in summing up the matter of the stability of the modern State, he leaves us to choose the issue we prefer:

> "On the ruins of the Roman Empire, Celtic, Germanic, Slavonian, and Scandinavian tribes began civilization anew. Slowly the primitive tribe elaborated its institutions and reached the village commune. It remained at that stage till the twelfth century. Then rose the Republican cities which produced the glorious expansion of the human mind, attested by the monuments of architecture, the grand development of arts, the discoveries that laid the basis of natural sciences. But then came the State.
>
> "Will it again produce death? Of course, it will, unless we reconstitute Society on a libertarian and anti-State basis. Either the State will be destroyed and a new life will begin in thousands of centers, on the principle of an energetic initiative of the individual, of groups, and of free agreement; or else the State must crush the individual and local life, it must become the master of all the domains of human activity, must bring with it its wars and internal struggles for the possession of power, its surface-revolutions which only change one tyrant for another, and inevitably at the end of this evolution—death!
>
> "Choose yourselves which of the two issues you prefer."

We do not think that this issue will appear in the program of the two great parties of the next presidential election, but whether it does or not is no good reason why we should not make a preference, and see how near the Democrats or the Republicans will approach to it. We may be heartily disappointed, long before November next, if we expect either of the parties to suggest any real reform of the present abuses, any real redress of present grievances. Indeed, on reading Henry Thomas Buckle's essay we learn from him:

"* * * No great political improvement, no great reform, either legislative or executive, has ever been originated in any country by its rulers. The first suggesters of such steps have invariably been bold and able thinkers, who discern the abuse, denounce it, and point out how it is to be remedied. But long after this is done, even the most enlightened governments continue to uphold the abuse and reject the remedy. At length, if circumstances are favorable, the pressure from without becomes so strong that the government is obliged to give way; and, the reform being accomplished, the people are expected to admire the wisdom of their rulers, by whom all this has been done. * * *"

This is most distressing, coming at a time when the minds of so many potential rulers in this country must be occupied with program reforms *ad infinitum*. But the worst of it is Buckle is right, and there is scarcely a philosopher of any importance that does not agree with him. When we turn to Emerson we find in his essay on Politics, "The law is only a memorandum * * * that the highest end of government is the culture of men; and that if men can be educated, the institutions will share their improvement and the moral sentiment will write the law of the land." This seems to be sound sense, but the unfortunate part of the business is this, that Emerson seems nowadays to carry no weight in the council of the party caucuses, though sometimes men in the street turn to him and wonder if he was hundred per cent American, in the light of present-day rulers. Whether our generation is very far removed from his may be estimated by considering the following statement:

"* * * Society always consists in greatest part of young and foolish persons. The old, who have seen through the hypocrisy of courts and statesmen, die and leave no wisdom to their sons. They believe their own newspaper, as their fathers did at their age. With such an ignorant and deceivable majority, States would soon run to ruin, but that there are limitations beyond which the folly and ambition of governors cannot go. Things have their laws, as well as men; and things refuse to be trifled with. * * *"

There he touches the most difficult thing politicians have to deal with, these things which refuse to be trifled with, the things which will insist on governing mankind no matter how much man legislates against them. There is a kind of vindictiveness in natural law that has from time immemorial upset the best laid schemes of rulers and legislators. Truth will prevail, despite our party politicians, and truth has a way sometimes of prevailing in rather a brutal manner; how brutal is well known to those who have studied the empires of the past. Emerson was undoubtedly a great student, and his studies taught him this:

"* * * This is the history of governments,—one man does something which is to bind another. A man who cannot be acquainted with me, taxes me; looking from afar at me ordains that a part of my labor shall go to this or that whimsical end,—not as I, but as he happens to fancy. Behold the consequence. Of all debts men are least willing to pay the taxes. What a satire is this on government! Everywhere they think they get their money's worth, except for these."

Just imagine any patriot on paying his taxes thinking for a moment that he does not get his money's worth of government! How different things must have been in Emerson's day. But then he had very strange ideas. He said:

"We live in a very low state of the world, and pay unwilling tribute to governments founded on force. There is not, among the most religious and instructed men of the most religious and civil nations, a reliance on the moral sentiment and a sufficient belief in the unity of things, to persuade them that society can be maintained without artificial restraints, as well as the solar system; or that the private citizen might be reasonable and a good neighbor, without the hint of a jail or a confiscation. What is strange, too, there never was in any man sufficient faith in the power of rectitude to inspire him with the broad design of renovating the State on the principle of right and love. * * *"

In Thoreau's essay, "On the Duty of Civil Disobedience," we have the most stimulating analysis of the case of the individual versus the State that has ever been produced. No one but Thoreau could have written it, and no one but the modern American would ignore it. It is scarcely known in this country, but in Great Britain and France, particularly in the former country, it is known to thousands of artizans who recognize in it a vibrant expression of the fundamentals of English liberty. This extraordinary essay is so vital that it should be put into all the schools of our land, for the purpose of teaching our young what citizenship really is. We venture to predict that the work of Americanization will be simple if the authorities interested in that process will adopt Thoreau's essay and make it their text-book. At this time when the party managers are considering changes in government, we might consider how pertinent is the following:

"But, to speak practically and as a citizen, unlike those who call themselves no-government men, I ask for, not at once no government, but *at once* a better government. Let every man make known what kind of government would command his respect, and that will be one step toward obtaining it."

Party managers might take the hint. Then there is something for the man in the street which touches the

question we think will assume in the next few months tremendous proportions: the individual versus the State. Thoreau has this to say about it:

> "* * * The progress from an absolute to a limited monarchy, from a limited monarchy to a democracy, is a progress toward a true respect for the individual. Even the Chinese philosopher was wise enough to regard the individual as the basis of the empire. Is a democracy, such as we know it, the last improvement possible in government? Is it not possible to take a step further toward recognizing and organizing the rights of man? There will never be a really free and enlightened State until the State comes to recognize the individual as a higher and independent power, from which all its own power and authority are derived and treats him accordingly. * * *"

Herbert Spencer's essay from the first edition of "Social Statics" is, perhaps, better known to Americans than the other essays in this little book; at any rate, it should be remembered, for it had a great deal to do with one of the most astonishing philosophical controversies which ever agitated the minds of English landlords and economists. The intellectual battle that was waged between Henry George and Herbert Spencer in which the American triumphed over the Spencer that had changed his economic opinions, to suit the landed interest of England, should not be forgotten, and Mr. Browne is to be congratulated for reviving an interest in Spencer's essay which lay at the root of the controversy which produced from Henry George his, perhaps, most brilliant work, "The Perplexed Philosopher." Tolstoy's, "Appeal to Social Reformers," is a classic, and deserves the widest circulation. If our, more than Prussian, autocrats would take the trouble to read this short essay they might save themselves a fearful waste of energy. The last of the essays is from the pen of Oscar Wilde. In this plea for true individualism the socialists of our day will learn, we hope, of another perspective, and in understanding the essay realize that they have been "barking up the wrong tree." Wilde says:

> "* * * All associations must be quite voluntary. It is only in voluntary associations that men are fine. * * * Under the new conditions Individualism will be far freer, far finer, and far more intensified than it is now. I am not talking of the great imaginatively realized Individualism of such poets as I have mentioned, but of the great actual individualism latent and potential in mankind generally. For the recognition of private property has really harmed Individualism, and obscured it, by confusing a man with what he possesses. It has led Individualism entirely astray. It has made gain, not growth, its aim. So that man thought that the important thing was to have, and did not know that the important thing is to be. The true perfection of man lies, not in what man has, but in what man is. Private property has crushed true Individualism, and set up an Individualism that is false. It has debarred one part of the community from being individual by starving them. It has debarred the other part of the community from being individual by putting them on the wrong road, and encumbering them. * * *"

Politicians all, men in the street everywhere, get this volume of precious thought, read it, let the best that is in you be given cheerfully to a thorough understanding of it, for it will do more than all the speeches, of all the orators, of all the parties in the forthcoming campaign, to make you familiar with the kind of government which should win your respect.

FRANCIS NELSON.

THE MAN HE KILLED.

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."

—*Thomas Hardy.*

Church statistics are not very reassuring for those who are concerned for the salvation of their sect. One after another of the religious organizations of America, great and small, have lost membership in recent years. Sometimes a check in growth is a good thing, for it challenges thought as to the meaning of this disapproval on the part of the people. The development of the Interchurch World Movement has revealed a distressingly large number of church leaders who are more concerned for the salvation of their sect than they are for the salvation of the nation. Only when a church is willing to lose its life, will it find it again. So long as the propaganda is in behalf of Methodism or Presbyterianism, it must come to naught. When it is the extension of the gospel of Christ to meet the needs of the world, it will have the blessing of God once more.

—*The Christian Century.*

CONTRIBUTED

Intellectual Cowardice and the Denominational College

(*Concluded*)

II.

I am the son of a Presbyterian minister, and was brought up in New York City. I attended a New England College that was formerly, but is no longer denominational, although it has voluntarily retained the spiritual ideals of the past. In this college religion colors but does not hamper thought. It is not permitted to interfere with progress. It has lost its negative and prohibitory aspects. It is positive and affirmative. Instead of placing the emphasis on the limitation of wrong conduct, the college strives to encourage the practice of love toward God and man.

The day when as a senior I received notice of my election to a three-year instructorship in a Middle-Western Methodist college, it was my firm belief that in America, at least, no matter what might be the condition in Austria or Spain or Italy, the middle ages were entirely a thing of the past. But a friend who knew warned me, "Now you will have to be careful of what you say."

Was it New England provincialism, looking upon everything west of the Alleghanies as an intellectual and cultural wilderness, a land of darkness where the light of truth is hated and feared? Perhaps so. I do not seek to defend myself. My desire is merely to indicate my point of view when I began my work as an instructor.

My first year passed quietly enough, principally because I was too busy trying to learn something about the literature I was supposed to be teaching. The President had already asked me to return in the fall, but I felt that my year had been a failure. From my point of view it was a failure because I knew I had not aroused the students to independent thought. But on the last afternoon I determined to speak the truth in regard to the religious situation in the college.

I have forgotten what I said, but I know that the class besieged my desk after the lecture and in large numbers accompanied me off the campus, urging me to "Give us something more like that next year."

Flattered and consoled I came East for the summer. The reception accorded the blow I had struck taught me that I had a dangerous duty ahead.

Throughout the second year I preached the gospel of enlightenment through the medium of an advanced composition course, to some fifteen Juniors and Seniors, including the editors of the college papers, members of the student governing board, fraternity leaders, etc. Editorials for the college papers, with guarded class discussion of the college situation, helped bring the spirit of revolt into prominence. Many students came to look upon me as one with themselves against the common enemy—the orthodox and conservative members of the faculty. Many told me that they had come to the college because their parents had desired it, but that next year, in order to escape from old fogyism, they would enter the State University. (This constant emigration brought about that only fifty per cent of the students remained in the college for two consecutive years.)

Nevertheless, some of the old guard on the faculty continued to talk of "the children." One professor put it thus: "These students are only intellectual children. They cry out for a definite authority to tell them what to believe, and since they are looking for an authority, it rests with us who have the best possible one on earth, to give it to them." Think of it—inscribing above the portals of an American college, "Thou shalt not think for thyself!" Unfortunately, many of the students were devout conformists. Not a few were as obsessed with the idea of the sacredness and perfection of an institution professing to be religious, as was the one who wrote in a theme, "It would be impious to suggest that any improvement could be made in the college, either in its buildings or equipment, or the caliber of its faculty." How appalling to find an American youth taught so thoroughly to abhor individuality of opinion!

During my third year I spoke the truth with greater boldness than before. Until the revival season came, however, I met no open opposition. Meanwhile, whenever I made mental comparisons between conditions in this college of the Middle West with conditions as I had known them in New England, I grew more determined to speak the truth as I saw it without dishonesty.

I had discovered that orthodoxy did not preclude dishonesty. A student for the ministry whom I had caught cheating plead with me to excuse him because discovery would blast his prospects as a minister! The denominational college, through its almost inevitable system of showing favoritism to the preachers, makes it possible for ministerial students to hold such a low conception of honor and think themselves entitled to all manner of special privileges.

I had observed that no chapel talk was ever devoted exclusively to intellectual matters. Every appeal for greater expenditure of intellectual effort, and every address that upheld the ideals of scholarship was rendered futile by a peroration in which "mere intellectual achievement," or "mere scholarship" was strongly condemned. Thus, "religion" was accepted as a substitute for intellectual development and as an excuse for mental laziness.

I had learned that tact, so-called, is often made an excuse for cowardice or deception. When a well-known professor in the State University referred to the college which I was serving with the words, "No one on your factulty has intellectual courage," I was stung to fearlessness. I began as never before to teach the whole truth as I saw it.

Frankly, I was not entirely tactful. Shelley would have done little good in the world if he had exercised tact. In practice the word tactful is applied to men who never strike a blow straight from the shoulder. Webster defines it as "ready power of appreciating and doing what is required by circumstances." Assuredly the man who has the courage to take to himself the policy of forcing circumstances to yield to his will, is to be more highly honored than the man whose policy is that of trouble avoidance.

If the President of the college had been less broad-minded, I should have been asked to resign. As it was, after several students who had suddenly become concerned about my orthodoxy—fired as they were by the soul-saving activities of the annual revival—reported to the President that I had urged my classes to embrace "polytheism, pantheism, scepticism, unitarianism," and several other varieties of heresy all at once,

the President asked me to state my theological position. When he had heard it, he expressed himself as satisfied with it. He suggested that my only error lay in giving meat too strong for the digestion of the weaker babes within my care. [Therefore the strong were not to be fed at all.] For, while the President won my admiration for his tolerance, I felt that he did something that was indefensible.

Instead of commending me for having the courage of my convictions—convictions which he confessed he largely shared—he requested me to permit no discussion in my classroom of theology and religion, even though an adequate consideration of the writings of Milton or Cowper or Wordsworth or Carlyle or Tennyson or Browning demanded it.

My wings were clipped. The President of a college had half destroyed the usefulness of another one—(there had been others)—of his faculty.

III.

I am a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church and a graduate of the Middle-Western Methodist College which has just been described. The year following my graduation I attended Columbia University, from which I received the degree of Master of Arts. The best teaching position then open to me was the professorship of English in a small co-educational Methodist college west of the Mississippi. Possible interference with academic freedom by religious narrowness seemed its only unpleasant feature. However, I had been considered sufficiently orthodox at my Middle Western alma mater, which has always had a reputation for extreme conservatism, and felt that I could teach without offense if I were careful to make allowance for the probable cultural backwardness of a newly-settled community. A professor in a denominational school confirmed me in this belief, assuring me that by "hiding behind my author" I could teach nineteenth century English literature without danger to myself. I decided therefore to accept.

From the outset I carried out my policy of conformity with the greatest care. It was my first position and I was determined to sacrifice everything to success. Consequently I guarded every expression of personal opinion on debatable topics; did not smoke nor violate the amusement clause in the church discipline; attended regularly the college chapel and Sunday church services, and side-stepped a grave danger by begging off from teaching a Sunday School class. Thus I flattered myself I was safe from criticism.

Just before Christmas vacation, however, I came in contact with student opinion, and discovered to my perplexity that I had been guilty of several serious offenses in the eyes of the student preachers and other conservatives. I had read in class a passage from Carlyle which mentions Tennyson's inveterate habit of smoking (a vile slander against the model of poets): I had endangered my soul by occasional attendance at Episcopalian worship: and, worst of all, I had been heard to revert, as an excited spectator at a football game, to the vocabulary of my boyhood and exclaim: "Gee, that was a fine kick!" "Gee" they considered profanity. Ludicrous as these charges were, they had their serious side. I was face to face with an environment which was entirely incomprehensible to me; of whose taboos I had no knowledge. Tact was useless, and I felt that each step was further into the dark.

Soon after the holidays I had my first hint of official displeasure. The President, who had been away almost continuously during the fall months, returned to prepare for the college revival. "I wish," he said, at the conclusion of a conference concerning departmental matters, "you would cease to be friendly with C— and W—" (naming two Junior men, both honor students, the one president of the college Y. M. C. A., the other a college representative in oratory, debate and every literary activity.)

"For what reason?" I could not help asking.

"They are thinking about things they should not: the immortality of the soul and our present divorce laws."

"But I supposed it the duty of the college man to learn to think for himself," I put in, astonished.

"No, that is for the graduate school. Freedom of investigation is dangerous for undergraduates."

His tone of finality precluded discussion.

"There is a complaint," he continued, fumbling among the papers on his desk, "that you deny the divinity of Christ." And he read me a letter, withholding the name of the writer.

I was silent for a moment, cudgelling my brains for some statement of mine which might have been thus interpreted. "I recall," I said at length, "but one possible basis for this charge. N—, who is much perplexed by his college work in Bible, once asked me the opinion of modern Biblical scholarship concerning the Virgin Birth. I told him what I believe to be true, that many scholars and theologians in the East do not consider belief in a miraculous birth essential to Christian orthodoxy."

The President seemed satisfied with my explanation and the interview was over.

The extreme prudery of some of the undergraduates was another source of trouble. Every student of literature knows that a survey course in English literature cannot be adequately presented without the inclusion of some passages of verse and prose which may offend the prudish and puritanical. Hence, at the time of my first assignment in mediæval literature, I thought to forestall objections by frankly telling the students of what they would meet in their reading, and after an hour's discussion thought I secured their assent to the principle that not in detached passages, but in the purpose and effect of the whole, does the morality or immorality of a literary work consist. But I reckoned without my host. Some students had a scent for obscenity rivalling Anthony Comstock's. One declared Marlowe's "Tamburlaine" very coarse; others blushed at Shakespeare's love lyrics and found Herrick unspeakably vile; by many the whole Elizabethan age was condemned. A student report on Bunyan remarked: "Now English literature suddenly advanced from the obscenity and barrenness of the Elizabethan, to the fruitfulness and inspiration of the Puritan age." Believing that the President and trustees would support me in my effort to educate the taste of my classes, I did all in my power to persuade the students to take the scholar's attitude toward their reading. Soon objections ceased to come to me. Afterwards I discovered that this was not the silence of acquiescence but of condemnation.

Trouble broke out afresh in late January, when the program committee of the departmental club asked to be directed to some recent literature of importance. I gave a list of my latest purchases for the college library, and from these the committee selected Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman" for review at the next meeting of the club. Shaw's wit was appreciated by

all present except one young woman, who seemed much embarrassed and left early. I learned the next day that she had demanded that the President remove me from my position because I had purchased for the library a play which was both indecent and blasphemous.

Then came the revival, fanning orthodoxy into flame. A small body of malcontents, chiefly students failing in their work, were continually in and out the President's office, accusing me of belief in polygamy, free love, pantheism, atheism, unitarianism, and I have forgotten what other heresies. The reading in class of a few Sundays out of Samuel Pepy's diary was twisted into a statement of mine that church attendance bored everybody. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Philaster"—optional study—was denounced for obscenity. Upon the President's refusal to remove me, the malcontents changed their tactics and began bombarding the trustees with letters.

In mid-February I received an announcement of a good position open elsewhere for the following year. I did not wish to let this opportunity pass without assurance of re-election to the position I was then holding, and asked the President if I were to be engaged for another year. He informed me that the trustees had met a few days before and had pronounced my teaching satisfactory. He urged me to remain and build up the department. I agreed to this and let the other opportunity pass.

Great therefore was my astonishment and chagrin when in March the President summoned me to meet a committee of the trustees and give account for the conduct of my department.

This committee spent the morning of its arrival in cross-questioning several students in order to ascertain the results of my teaching on their Christian lives. Such liberal views as they expressed were charged to my account. In the afternoon I met with the committee, resolved to hold my position through every concession consistent with self-respect, for I feared the injury to my reputation as a teacher which a forced resignation might entail. A glance, however, at my examiners showed me that my case was desperate. They were the President and three men notorious throughout the district as ecclesiastical politicians.

One of the latter, a man well past middle life, examined me. In reply to his first two questions, I defended the assignment of "Philaster" and an unexpurgated "Lear" on the ground that it was, as far as my experience went, the universal practice in colleges and universities.

"Did you buy some plays by Mr. Bernard Shaw for the college library?" he continued.

"I did."

Here the President in the most aggrieved tone he could muster broke in with, "I collected the money he used for their purchase from the Epworth Leagues of the Conference."

After the effect of this had subsided, my interlocutor continued: "Do you not know that Mr. Shaw is a socialist and an anarchist?"

"Pardon me, he can't be both," I ventured. But the point was lost on him.

"Does not Brentano's, the publisher of this volume of Shaw, make a business of publishing obscene literature?"

With difficulty I controlled my desire to laugh. I made a simple denial, and asked how this suspicion arose.

"Oh," my examiner replied, "I see by their advertisement that they publish the works of Oscar Wilde, who wrote a lot of vile rot."

"I gave 'Man and Superman' to my wife," added the President. "She could not read the first act. What my wife disapproves of is not fit reading for the students of a Christian college."

The farce of my trial was over in a moment. The next day I was informed that I was convicted on my own testimony, and my resignation was requested because "the tendency of my teaching and private conversation was contrary to the spirit of —— College."

The Invisible World

There is a world in which we live that no one sees with the natural eye. It is the world of thought and feeling. It rests upon habits, customs and traditions. These may be compared to the rock which carries the surface of the visible world. On this foundation are ideas, opinions and "points of view" which may be compared to the soil of the earth. Then there are the ideals, visions of the poets and dreams of the prophets that rise from the soil of the invisible world as do the flowers, shrubs and trees from the earth.

As physical beings we depend on the physical world for our existence. The physical character of the part of the world in which we live has a great deal to do with our mode of life. In certain portions of the world where the food supply was scarce and the opportunity of communicating with other tribes for the exchange of ideas was limited, the human race did not find the opportunity for advancement.

Where there was an abundance of food and opportunity for exchanging ideas there was progress. Such conditions existed in Southern Europe and Western Asia. There civilization first developed. We are thus rooted in a physical condition of growth and progress. Our development of the world of thought and feeling which we call civilization depends on favorable physical conditions.

But we must remember that man is a being that can and does take advantage of the power of transporting his environment. This distinguishes him from the lower animals. They remain in an environment that is favorable to them. If they get out of it they die. Man having begun to advance in a favorable environment carries that environment with him all over the world.

The Finnish people who live almost within the Arctic circle have one of the highest civilizations in Europe. Not only is it true that man has carried civilization to the bleak and stony places of the earth but he has also carried it to members of the race who in their own environment probably never would have developed it, cut off as they were from intercourse with other peoples. This has been done in the heart of Africa and in the South Seas.

This power to create an unseen world and to carry it over the Seven Seas to every nook and corner of the earth is the power that has made man lord of the world and master of every other creature.

It is true that habits are possessed by the lower animals. But there are among them no traditions. It is on traditions that man has laid the ideas and opinions and "points of view" out of which have come ideals, visions and dreams.

It is this invisible world which has been created at great cost and sacrifice by the pioneers of the spirit

that really determines at bottom what sort of people we are. America is fundamentally two great ideals, Equality and Opportunity. These shape us and mould us whether we will or no. In their presence we are as clay in the hands of the potter.

If we change even to the slightest degree, and that power always remains with us, the invisible world, we change the lives of our children, so responsive are the children of men to their spiritual environment. We cannot escape this influence even though we take the wings of the morning and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth.

It is our mission then constantly to pour into the material of the invisible world the riches of high thought and noble ideals. We thus build anew the Kingdom of God on Earth. ARTHUR L. WEATHERLY.

Success ?

[This is a letter which our readers will rejoice to read.—EDITORS.]

Dear ———:

Your letter in which you caution me against putting a "materialistic interpretation" on the Bible because it will probably prevent my attaining as great success as I might otherwise gain makes me feel a good deal like Cæsar must have felt when he uttered those famous words: *Et tu, Brute!*

I want you to learn now (inasmuch as you seem not to have learned it before) that I did not enter the ministry for the purpose of making a success.

When I read the words of the prophets and of Jesus I think they mean just what they say. They are talking about THIS world and they are condemning the evils of INJUSTICE and GREED and SELFISHNESS that manifest themselves in the material present sufferings of those who are exploited.

Remember that the prophets were not persecuted and Jesus crucified because they were "spiritual" and orthodox. If Jesus had been living in this country during the recent war he would have been put in prison. If he were alive today and should come to these shores from Palestine it probably would not be long before he would be reported to the Lusk Committee and deported.

When you read the words of Jesus remember that he was a man who believed that God created all men with equal rights and who wanted to see the kingdom of God (or Good) established on earth. I do not care what you call it, I want to carry on the work they crucified Jesus for starting. Why should I expect my efforts to meet with the approval of those who have the power to give what the world calls success?

I think there is a story about the devil offering to make Jesus a mighty ruler if he would renounce God and worship him, but Jesus refused to become the servant of the devil in order to obtain that reward. That is a lesson for which we have much need today. The time has come when we are cowed by the threats of those whom an unjust social order has given authority. Shall we be their slaves?

> They are slaves who will not choose
> Hatred, scoffing and abuse,
> Rather than in silence shrink
> From the truth they needs must think;
> They are slaves who dare not be
> In the right with two or three.

I refuse to be a slave when I have the power to set myself free.

Sincerely yours,
EDWARD A. LEWIS.

THE STUDY TABLE

Book Notices

The Political Future of India. Lajpat Rai. New York: 1919. B. W. Huebsch. 16mo. pp. xxix. 237. Price, $1.50.

There is no more sane and sober writer on Indian matters than Lajpat Rai. Careful in facts, accurate in presentation, logical in argument, charming in style, all his writings deserve most serious consideration. In his *Young India* he said: "The Indians are a chivalrous people, they will not disturb England so long as she is engaged with Germany. The struggle after the war might, however, be even more bitter and sustained." In the war much was done by the Indian troops; what now is to be their reward? Is a truly liberal policy, drawn primarily in the interests of India and giving full weight to the desires and rights of 315,000,000 persons going to be applied? There is no reason to expect it. A report was indeed published, prepared by the Secretary of State and the Viceroy, which recognized much justice in Indian claims and advised important reforms. It, however, falls far short of justice, overweights British interests, and—even so—is not likely to be accepted. "Ever since the report was published in July, 1918, India has been in a state of ferment,—a ferment of enthusiasm and criticism, of hope and disappointment." The report was no doubt the best so far made; it fails to go as far as it should. It is certain to be whittled down. It has been followed by strange doings. In the face of the report, which raised high hopes, there has been repression and suppression and ridiculous and brutal sedition laws have been prepared and (under protest beyond any ever expressed in India) have been in part passed. That curious Asiatic expression of sentiment, "passive resistance," has been put into operation. March 30, 1919, was observed as "national protest day." It was an impressive exhibition. Hindus were not the first to practice violence; rifles and machine-guns were, at Delhi, turned upon people without arms in their hands and fourteen were killed and sixty wounded. The following days will be famous in the annals of freedom. Eventually an outraged people lost control of themselves and burned railway stations and telegraph offices, interrupted traffic and killed some Europeans and bank managers. England dealt promptly with the disturbance. "The government used machine guns in dispersing meetings, showered bombs from aeroplanes, and declared martial law in several towns, extended the seditions meetings prevention Act and other emergency laws in districts, marched flying military columns from one end to the other, accompanied by traveling courts-martial to try and punish on the spot all arrested for offenses committed in connection with the passive resistance movement. Leaders were arrested and deported without trial of any kind; papers were suppressed and all kinds of demonstrations prohibited." It is against such a background that Lajpat Rai works in writing this book, which is a thoughtful, just and thorough examination of the Montagu and other recent reports on Indian affairs. He examined them section by section, recognizing their candor (where present) and indicating their weaknesses and the points where they fail to meet the needs of authorized Indian sentiment. He states without fear or favor what India must have if she is to be a con-

tented and loyal element in the British Empire. The appendix contains valuable documentary reference material and the book is essential to one who wishes to understand Indian politics.

America Save the Near East. Abraham Mitrie Rihbany. Boston: 1918. The Beacon Press. 16mo. pp. x. 164. Price, $1.00 net.

This book, by a Syrian, is an appeal to the United States to take over Syria as mandatory. It is a charming piece of writing. It was written in the glow of fine words that preceded the Paris Conference and is based upon them as taken at face value. Would the author write now in the same fashion? Perhaps so—for there is a sort of hope and optimism that is perennial. But one who has to deal with real politics will hardly follow him. That Turkey-Asia-Minor-Syria are a bone of contention already between Eupean nations may be a good reason why no European nation should be permitted to take charge of Syria; it is also a good reason why we should keep out of the pack of snarling jackals. That there are deep-seated, petty animosities in the land itself—racial, linguistic, religious, and local—which will prevent its setting up a government of its own may be true; if so, the fact is fatal to outside control by any nation, which has not unlimited resources for maintaining order. We have not unlimited resources and every month that passes will bring us to a clearer recognition of the ugly fact that we already have more problems of our own on our hands than we know how to grapple.

The Vampire of the Continent. Ernst zu Reventlow. New York: 1919. The Jackson Press. 16mo. pp. xiii. 225. Price, $1.25.

Early in the war Count Ernst zu Reventlow gave forth a book under the somewhat lurid title of *The Vampire of the Continent.* It has been translated into English by an Irishman, who contributes an interesting preface in which the following passage occurs: "And another fundamental truth is that England's maritime supremacy cannot be destroyed until Ireland is a free country." Perhaps that truth is not generally recognized. Does it explain England's stubborn holding on to Ireland? Reventlow's book is far from being a blind and rabid attack. He claims that Britain's greatness lies in two facts and that her policy involves two principles: (a) control of the seas; (b) the trimming of her relations to the countries of continental Europe in such fashion as to play them off against each other when any one of them becomes an obstacle to her. He claims that Spain, Holland, Denmark, France, have all had to be the victims of this policy and that Germany in 1914 came to her turn for humiliation.

Walled Towns. Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: 1919. Marshall Jones Co. 16mo. pp. 105. Price, $1.25.

The writer has already written three books of destructive criticism of the civilization that passes. He hates it with its three characteristics—Imperialism, Materialism, and Quantitative Standard. In this new book, *Walled Towns,* he presents a constructive argument and aims to show a way of escape. He refuses to accept the dictum that we must accept one of *two* solutions; he asserts that there are usually others, so he refuses to choose between *Bolshevism* and *Reconstruction* (of what we had before the war). In all past times of stress man has found some degree of relief in the monastic idea. He has fled to the wilderness. He has cut himself off from that which he had come to loathe and made himself a home, where he could live his life according to his ideals. This monastic retreat has found expression in somewhat different forms at periods of stress separated from each other by intervals of about 500 years. It has been, in turn, individual, family, state, army, monasticism. The tendency is again strong. In what form will it now exhibit itself? Our author urges that it be in the form of the "walled town." Let families of one religious faith withdraw from the world; let them establish a town, which shall aim at self-support; let each man pursue his own trade but with love, as an art and a privilege; let things be reduced to the real and the necessary. Such a town should keep the rest of the world at arm's length, though meeting the proper taxes of the outside state and the duty of military service when necessary. There would be religion, art, individual living, simplicity—yet elegance, recognition of grades, distinction, and dignity. There would be education of quite a new kind; of the highest for those who desire and will utilize it, a minimum for all. No communism is here planned; each man has his own property and the right to be a burgess is given only to him who owns some land. The author holds that there is nothing to prevent the immediate formation of such towns in our own land and that his ideal would be realized when the country is dotted with them.

A Brief Bibliography of Books in English, Spanish and Portuguese relating to the Republics commonly called Latin-American. With comments. Peter H. Goldsmith. New York: 1915. The Macmillan Co. 16mo. pp. 107.

Anything that encourages, directs, and assists an informed interest in our neighbors, the "Latin-American" republics, is welcome. This bibliography is an aid. The list is far from exhaustive and it is not always easy to see the basis of selection. Most of the books mentioned deserve a place; many, however, that seem quite as worthy have been omitted. The comments of the author are usually discriminating and just; they form the greatest value of the book.

FREDERICK STARR.

MORNING GLORIES.

Sturdy, courageous things,
With joyous "morning faces,"
What message each one brings—
Though found in lowly places;

Over tottering fence or tree,
Hiding things unsightly,
Climbing, spending self most free,
Spirit brave and sprightly;

Purple of Tyre from distant sea,
Blue as the bluest sky,
Pink as arbutus wild and free,
White as a cloud on high,

Pink and purple, white and blue,
Velvety, dew-kissed faces!
Loving, loyal, pure and true—
Though found in humble places!

—*Mary Badollet Powell.*

NEWS FROM EUROPE

England's Steel Trade.

Sheffield is gaining in the steel trade what Germany has lost. America is an increasingly big buyer of Sheffield high speed and other special steels.

It is officially stated that the value of Sheffield exports to the States have steadily advanced to a figure of £30,000 a month higher than in 1913.

Laminated Coal.

The importance of utilizing all kinds of fuel to the best advantage has never been more seriously recognized than it is today. It is, therefore, deeply interesting to note that the production of "laminated" coal promises to effect nothing short of a revolution in this difficult problem. Laminated Coal, Ltd., claims that by this invention millions of tons of unsightly heaps of waste which abound in colliery vicinities can be used to the best and fullest advantage, while small coal and duff of an inferior character can be cheaply manufactured to make an article of value from a commercial standpoint.

From an English Magistrate.

While criminals sometimes make good soldiers, they seldom make good citizens.

Release the Prisoners.

The *Daily Herald* makes the following impassioned appeal for justice:

Once more we make an appeal on behalf of the military and political prisoners in our gaols. Many, very many of the former—exactly what number Mr. Churchill will not allow us to know—are imprisoned for "military" offenses after fighting and risking all that life held dear for them, in order to destroy militarism.

And now we stand at the opeping of a new year, thirteen months after the Armistice, faced with the hard and difficult work of repairing all the wreckage and wastage of war. To that end we want the help of every able-bodied citizen. And prison does not make men better citizens.

Already the King has issued a proclamation of political amnesty for India. Its effect is reported to have been good. The effect of mercy always is good. In the name of mercy, in the name of justice, for the sake of remembrance of the comrades of these men, who died for us all, let the amnesty be extended from India to England.

Germany's Losses.

From the *Manchester Guardian*:

A review of the casualty lists collected during the war, published by a majority socialist organ, shows staggering figures. The German army suffered a loss in killed of 1,718,-246 men, including 62,693 officers; in wounded, 4,234,107 men, including 116,015 officers; in prisoners or missing, 1,073,619 men, including 23,104 officers. The total losses of the land army, therefore, amounted to 7,025,972 men.

The losses of the navy are also terribly high. Including 24,112 killed, 29,830 wounded, 11,654 prisoners, interned, etc., the total number of losses of the navy amount to 78,342 men.

More Atrocities?

Has not the American public been fed on atrocity stories almost to the point of nausea? It is refreshing to find them investigated and disproved, as the *London Herald* disproves these.

The Rev. R. Courtier-Forster, whose stories of alleged Bolshevik atrocities have been curdling the somewhat sluggish blood and raising the somewhat scanty hair of the loyal readers of the *Times*, seems to be distinctly unlucky.

One by one his "atrocities" sink more or less silently to rest—though not unfortunately before they have left their imprint upon the aqueous gray matter of the credulous.

The reverend gentleman having trotted out the old story of sacrilege by the Bolsh at Helsingfors (a nice little story of "a huge figure of the devil smeared in tar on the great golden dome of St. Nicolai Cathedral"), Commander Harold Grenfell, R. N., wrote to the *Daily Herald* discounting the story. The commander, unlike the Rev. Courtier-Forster, happened to have been in those parts at the time, and pointed out that the story, in so far as it had any basis at all, was obviously a revised version, incorrect in important details, of an outrage committed, not by the Bolsheviks, who had departed many moons before, *but by some drunken officers of the Czarist Mannerheim's notorious "White Guards."*

In reply, the reverend gentleman denied any knowledge of the desecration witnessed by Commander Grenfell (the defacement of a small shrine in front of the cathedral), and reiterated his original story of the diabolism on the dome.

Unfortunately for the credit of the reverend propagandist, Commander Grenfell has received the folloing telegram from a friend in the British legation in Helsingfors:

Report about Reds is rubbish, but last summer White (i. e., anti-Bolshevik) guards covered with tar the Resvoi Chapel in front of the Russian Cathedral here.

Will the Rev. Courtier-Forster withdraw and apologize?

The Bucharest correspondent of the same paper writes:

You will be hearing a great deal in England soon of Bolshevik atrocities in Kieff.

Certain ladies have been charged by Shulgin, arch reactionary and pogromist, to tell the sins of the Bolsheviks during their seven months' occupation of the Ukraine. I understand that the British government also is not unconnected with their mission.

Of the stories of Bolshevik atrocities in Southern Russia many are exaggerated; some are true. It appears to be quite true, for instance, that before evacuating Kieff the Reds shot some 250 people. The grim fact is that this whole war is, by western standards, an atrocious war of crime and reprisal.

If the behavior of the Bolsheviks in Kieff was bad, the behavior of Denikin's "Volunteer" army was far worse. Of their deeds I do not expect these ladies will tell you. They will not tell you that the Volunteer Army on its arrival in "liberated" Kieff murdered over 250 innocent people, raped more than 60 innocent young girls, pillaged 18,000 Jewish families.

From every town comes the same story. The Kieff Committee has the names of 1,200 Jews murdered in the last Volunteer advance. The outraging of women—a crime from which the Red armies are singularly free—is a favorite pastime of the Whites. Mainly the cause is an insensate anti-Semitism. Men and women of the upper classes will admit the atrocities and calmly tell you that it "serves the Jews right," and that they ought all to be killed out of hand.

Naturally the troops, encouraged to loot Jews, end by looting indiscriminately. The army is out of control. And the cruelties of the Cossacks are almost incredible. "They can about beat anything imaginable in the cruelty line," said an American Red Cross official who had been with the Russian forces a long time. "Their favorite trick is to take a piece of iron rod, heat it red-hot, and twist it round the head of a prisoner."

These troops, remember, are dressed in British uniforms, and the dismal war which is reducing this country to ruin, and afflicting its people with all these horrors, is maintained and made possible by British money and British munitions.

Does Mr. Churchill, I wonder, realize the real character of his friends and protégés?

Peace with Russia.

M. Litvinoff said in an interview at Copenhagen, according to the London *Daily Herald*:

"Peace is coming more quickly than is generally believed."

"The Entente needs Russia: America, Britain and France need our raw materials. An unblockaded Russia means a complete alteration in the economic situation of the world.

"The French textile industry must remain idle until Russian flax is obtainable. There are today in Russia 4,000,000 poods of flax ready for export.

"The British trade unions have decided to send a commission to Russia to examine the conditions, and the Russian trade unions welcome that decision. The British trade unionists will be received at the frontier, and will get the opportunity to examine everything they wish to. Peace is coming."

H. S. N.

THE FIELD

The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"

A LETTER FROM KOREA.

The appeal of the missionaries and other leading foreigners in Korea on behalf of the thirty-three Korean men who signed the original declaration of independence and have been lying in prison since last March has apparently made no effect on the Japanese Colonial Government, according to the writer of a letter received by Rev. Sidney L. Gulick, who says, "It has been announced that the flogging of prisoners is to be abolished after April 1, 1920, which would show that the authorities had awakened to its inhumanity for prisoners of this type. But if it will be inhumane then, why is it not so at the present time? Yet it is still being inflicted, as shown by the fact that five men came to Severance Hospital the day before Christmas, members of a group of sixteen who had been flogged and discharged from a prison on Kangwha Island."

Important reforms in the school curricula have been announced as has the abolition of discrimination between Japanese and Korean government officials in pay and status. This last, however, is more apparent than real as the Japanese officials continue to draw extra allowances for colonial service, house rent, etc. Under this new reform, eighteen Koreans have received appointments as principals of schools, a post formerly limited to Japanese.

The letter concludes: "I would not wish you to get the impression from anything in this letter that the missionary body are inimical to the new administration or anxious to discredit it. We would be only too glad to see it make good. I and other members of the missionary community have had a number of interviews with the Governor-General and other officials and are ready to co-operate in any way we can. But the measures we consider essential—amongst which are amnesty, immediate abolition of flogging and torture, repeal of regulation abolishing Korean as the medium of instruction in schools and prohibiting religious teaching in private schools, free speech, free press, setting of a definite date when local self-government shall go into effect—do not seem to catch the imagination of the officials and it is very difficult to get together under such circumstances."—*Bulletin Federal Council of the Church of Christ in America.*

SUSAN B. ANTHONY AND ANNA HOWARD SHAW.

We were lecturing in an especially pious town which I shall call B——, and just before I went on the platform, Miss Anthony remarked peacefully: "These people have always claimed that I am irreligious. They will not accept the fact that I am a Quaker,—or, rather, they seem to think a Quaker is an infidel. I am glad that you are a Methodist, for now they cannot claim that we are not orthodox."

She was still enveloped in the comfort of this reflection when she introduced me to our audience; and to impress my qualifications upon my hearers, she made her introduction in these words:—

"It is a pleasure to introduce Miss Shaw, who is a Methodist minister. And she is not only orthodox of the orthodox, but she is also my right bower."

There was a gasp from the pious audience, and then a roar of laughter from irreverent men, in which, I must confess, I light-heartedly joined. For once in her life Miss Anthony lost her presence of mind; she did not know how to meet the situation, for she had no idea what had caused the laughter. It bubbled forth again and again during the evening, and each time Miss Anthony received the demonstration with the same air of puzzled surprise.

When we returned to our hotel room, I explained the matter to her. I do not remember now where I acquired my own sinful knowledge, but that night I faced "Aunt Susan" from the pedestal of a sophisticated worldling.

"Don't you know what a 'right bower' is?" I demanded sternly.

"Of course, I do," insisted Aunt Susan. "It's a right-hand man,—the kind one can't do without."

"It is a *card,*" I told her firmly,—"a leading card in a game called euchre."

"Aunt Susan" was dazed. "I didn't know it had anything to do with cards," she mused, mournfully. "What must they think of me?"

The newspapers made countless jokes, and there were significant smiles on the faces of our audience the next night when Miss Anthony walked on the platform. She at once proceeded to clear herself of the tacit charge against her.

"When I came to your town," she began, cheerfully, "I had been warned that you were a very religious lot of people. I wanted to impress upon you the fact that Miss Shaw and I are religious, too. But I admit that when I told you she was my right bower, I did not know what a right bower was. I have learned that since last night."

She waited until the happy chortles of her hearers had subsided, and then went on:—

"It interests me very much, however," she concluded, "to realize that every one of you seemed to know all about a right bower, and that I had come to your good orthodox town to get the information."

That time the joke was on the audience.

WHAT A BOYS' BIRD CLUB CAN DO.

Under the inspiration of Miss Hazel Bervin, assistant librarian of the public library in Aberdeen, Washington, a strong boys' bird club was organized last April, for the purpose of studying the birds of that region and helping in their protection.

The boys call the club the "B. B. Club," the initials of a secret name. They also have a secret pass sign, and have as their symbol a bird with a human face. They meet at the library twice a month, every other meeting having a program, the others being for business.

A sample program of their study meeting is the one which consisted of papers on the topic, "The Three Great Problems of Bird Life: first, Food; second, Safety; third, Reproduction." Interesting papers on the three subheads were given by three members of the club.

The club owns many fine pictures in color of the birds of western Washington, which are pinned on the walls of the library for study.

Among the club members is a boy older than the others, who has been studying birds for some time, and who will take the boys on "hikes" to study bird life in the open, when the weather is favorable. Only those willing to study are allowed in the club, "slackers" and idlers soon being dropped.

The boys have been building attractive bird houses, which they will have ready to put out in the spring and which they hope will induce the birds to come in greater numbers. They also do all they can to protect the birds, and to induce others to do the same.

—*Carolyn W. McKinlay.*

IN A DINING CAR.

I love breakfasts in dining cars.
I love the bumps and rumbling jars;
The smiling waiter, bowing low
And placing all your silver so;
The fragrant coffee, steaming hot;
Thick, yellow cream in silver pot;
Juicy grapefruit; crisp buttered toast;
And ham of which the South may boast;
The friendly faces down the aisle;
The landscape changing all the while.

As I eat breakfast, I can see
Red clay gullies that leer at me;
A field with stacks of new-cut wheat
Placed in long rows, precise and neat;
A patch of pines against the sky;
A little creek that's running by;
A town with wholesale houses tall
Past which the train seems but to crawl;
Beyond the town, acres of corn
Veiled with faint mists of early morn.

My water glass, the waiter fills.
The train lurches,—some water spills.
(At home it would have bothered me.)
But who would scold when they can see
Wild roses on an old rail fence;
And back of them a woodland dense;
A little house with dormer door
All 'round it worlds of flowers pour:—
Pink hollyhocks and corn flowers blue,
Great tiger lilies, larkspurs, too;
While at the door stands an old man
With long white beard, shaped like a fan?
It seems absurd that we will let
Our minds dwell on small things that fret
When beauty is our natural right
And everywhere is in our sight!
The world is wide and stretches far!
(I learned it in a dining car!)
All things that trouble us just now
We will forget and wonder how
We were so narrow and so small
To let them worry us at all!

Contemporary Verse. —*Ruthele Novak.*

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